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Watership Down(town)



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Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

Your town has been terrorized by motorbike riding rabbits lately. The entire situation would be much funnier had they not killed your mother and used her body for hackeysack.

It's time to do something about this menace.

Chapter 2 by Harlander



You found yourself heading down to the local gun store. Legally, there was a three-day waiting period for purchasing a firearm, unless, as the law stated, "they looked like they really, really wanted one."

You looked at the display of guns behind the storekeeper's desk. "Hmm..."

You started pointing out your choices.

"The 12-gauge auto-loader."

"Good choice. That's Italian. You can go pump or auto." The owner pulls out a sack and starts

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The 45-long slide, with three

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"Phased plasma rifle in the 40-watt range."

"Hey, just what you see, pal! Oh, wait, there's one 'round the back here. That'll be thirty thousand dollars."

"Can I pay you next week?"

"Er... sure, what the hell."

Chapter 3 by Dilemma



The plasma rifle felt right in my hands. To be honest a rabbit's foot would feel more right, but I hoped that the plasma rifle would be the tool to let me get my hands on it. Walking to the shooting range I decided I needed to practice with the plasma rifle before I wiped that fluffy race right off the Earth.

Chapter 4 by -



But no fears there, I never missed my aim.

Lucky for me because the fluff balls were headed this way.

I was excited. This would be awesome! I imagined a whole shed full of rabbit skins... My new hobby.

Chapter 5 by Dilemma



The first beam hit right on target. The rabbit dissolved and the motorcycle without a rider crashed into two other rabbits before exploding. There was too many of them though. Every one I took out three more would come into view. Suddenly this hobby seemed to be dangerous. In a few minutes it would be lethal. But suddenly a cat came into view. All of it's movements measured and precise. It wasted no time or energy and had taken out all of rabbits within two minutes. Standing, mouth gaping the cat looked at me and said in Morgan Freeman's buttery

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